II.i.

Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire & honeſt, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt beſits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, ô that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare:
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

II.ii.

Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with greefe,

That

That thou her maide art far more f
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuio
Her veſtall liuery is but ſicke and g
And none but fooles do weare it,
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing,
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere i
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſp
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the
Hauing ſome buſines to entreate h
To twinckle in their ſpheres till th
What if her eyes were there, they
The brightneſſe of her cheek wold
As day-light doth a lampe, her ey
Would through the ayrie region
That birds would ſing, and thinke
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vp
O that I were a gloue vpon that h
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iu. Ay me.
Ro. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angel, f
As glorious to this night being ore
As is a winged meſſenger of heaue
Vnto the white vpturned wondri
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaz
When he beſtrides the lazie puffi
And ſayles vpon the boſome of t
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefor
Denie thy father and refuſe thy n
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Ro. Shall I heare more, or ſhall
Iu. Tis but thy name that is m
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor han

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH